Have You Any ARTIFICIAL TEETH That You Do Not Wear?

I pay full value for them, or offer made.

Teeth returned promptly, post free, if offer not satisfactory.

Before selling, write for Free Booklet. It explains very clearly the value of any make of artificial teeth.

E. LEWIS,
29, LONDON STREET, SOUTHPORT, Lancs.
ESTABLISHED 1870.
[Please mention "John Bull."]

Make Use of the "John Bull" Pen Coupon on Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 621. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

What is a wash out?
A place where you can't get
"CAVANDER'S
Army Club"
CIGARETTES
Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens
20 for 11D. 50 for 2/3

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

RIDING FOR A FALL

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SAVE THE BABIES!

Milk is Nature's Food for Infants; it cannot be improved on.

NESTLE'S MILK

The Safest in Cream

is all Condensed Milk, but all Condensed Milk is not Nestlé's.

Mothers and others in charge of children, and those managing Infant Welfare Centres, who are offered dried milk or any other substitute, or who are unable to get Nestlé's Milk should consult their Local Food Committee, who are competent to deal with the matter. Should they still be unable to get for Baby Nestlé's Milk, in which they have confidence, they should write direct to us and we will do the best we can to ensure a supply.

Controlled Retail Price 1/2½ per tin.

Nestlé's, 6-8, Cannon-st., London, E.C.4.

Combinations for Men.

In Rameses you get combinations for men—the ideal garment for the golfer and the allotmenteer. No excessive warmth through overlapping vest and pant, gives absolute freedom of movement.

RAMESES UNDERWEAR IN NEW STYLES

You have the comfortable trunk drawer and short-sleeved undervest so popular in America—the kind adopted by the British War Officer for Officers' wear.

Sufficiently cool for hot days, sufficiently comfortable for chilly evenings—Rameses forms the ideal garment for men for Spring and Summer underwear. Hygienic, lightly woven, loose fitting, and elastic. There is no better underwear at the price.

Of all high-class Hosiers and Gentlemen's Outfitters.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

10 *for* **4½d.** **20** *for* **8½d.**

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

"FIGHTER AND BOMBER ARE NOW A REPLACEMENT RECKONER OF WAR."
from Fischer Martin O.D. *by* Taffrail

ALSO PACKED IN CARD BOXES OF 50 AND 100

These Cigarettes are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P788

FREE FOR THE ASKING

BOOK OF FASHIONS

This book—full of big Illustrations of absorbing fashion interest—shows all that is worth seeing in Ladies' Suits, Coats, Hats, Blouses, &c. It faithfully presents CHOICEST STYLES, and costs you nothing. The models illustrated are acceptably different from those shown commonly and cheaply in every window everywhere. Ours emulate the enchanting models seen only in the best costumiers. Every style is correct and nice.

SPECIAL OFFER No. S100. As sketched

A beautifully tempting model of beautiful appearance. No more popular suit can be got at the price, and we guarantee satisfaction or your money back. In dark cloth, fawn shade only.

52/6 EASY TERMS.

2/- in the £ off for cash.

SEND THIS FREE COUPON.

TO GATESBYS LTD., LONDON, W.1.

Please send me your free Book of Ladies' Fashions and patterns of Ladies' Suit Stuffs.

Name .....

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GATESBYS LTD.
Dress Department.
Tottenham Court Road.
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TAKE CARE OF YOUR Ingersoll

The 24 Hour Watch.

Tells Time Day & NIGHT.

and you will not need to send it for repair. It is a patriotic duty these days not to cause unnecessary labour. All the Ingersoll Watches now being produced are urgently required by soldiers and sailors, munition workers, and the thousands who are devoting themselves to the war and the production of war materials.

Repairs hinder production. We therefore request owners of Ingersoll Watches to take good care of the watches they already have. Remember, too, that it is harder to give quick service these days. Parts are difficult to obtain without cutting down needed new production; many of our men have joined the colours.

25/-

Waterbury "Radiolite."
A jewelled watch, dependable in every way.

Ingersoll Radiolites

There is an Ingersoll Model for everyone from 60/- down to 12/6

Sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

Handsome illustrated catalogue sent post free.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., LTD. (Dept. 353),
170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

12/6

Ingersoll "Radiolite."
A reliable watch for yourself and just right to give.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tobacco) with 1 oz. tobacco equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 6 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Germ Throats, and save 50 per cent. tobacco, as there is no waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. This is Cigarette Day LABOUR per ton

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Prices: Nickel 1/6. Silverplated 2/-. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 2/3 1,000, 1/3 500. Post free. New supply in. No waiting.

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogue of Gentlemen's Hosiery, Ties, Shirts, Collars, Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Brushes, Trunks, Travelling Requisites, Blankets, Rugs, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Sundry Articles, etc. etc.

EASY TERMS — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 621. **Week ending Saturday, April 27th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

To the Albert Hall!

Saturday afternoon, 3.30—doors open at 2.30; all seats free—no tickets. Object, to give expression to the People's voice, which is smothered to a large extent by the Party press to-day. See our leading article.

"If You See It——!"

A few months ago we suggested that Lord Bertie, our Ambassador at Paris, had worn out his welcome. And now he has gone; and we doubt whether a better successor than Lord Derby could have been selected. He is a second King Edward—and just the man for the French Capital.

The New War Secretary.

But Lord Milner as War Secretary! Who *is* responsible for these ridiculous appointments? *What's the matter with Sir William Robertson?*

Good News.

We ought not to be long now in winning the war—for the King has appointed Sir Frederic G. Kenyon "Gentleman Usher of the Purple Rod" of the British Empire Order. There is also the return of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the Cabinet—with which we deal elsewhere.

That German Maid.

According to the latest Society news, the German maid who came over to England with Lord Hardinge's household has now married the butler! But "Once a German," etc.; and no wonder the Servants' Hall is in revolt.

A Conscientious "Conchy."

We are out for fair play all round—and we don't like that story, told at a recent inquest, of how, owing to a defective feeding tube, a "Conchy," in prison, was done to death. There is a point at which fanaticism becomes martyrdom—and statesmanship steers clear of it.

Discarded Diplomas.

We observe, with satisfaction, that the notice to which we recently referred, at the premises of a St. James' Street coachbuilder—about appointments to various enemy personages—has disappeared. Congratulations to all concerned.

Foreign Orders.

Which reminds us that it is competent for any British subject holding enemy Orders and Decorations to disown them publicly—and put up the insignia for sale for war charities.

"Business Government."

We have already commented upon the subtle scheme of the Prime Minister to discredit the idea of Business Government, by making the most absurd appointments. Here is the latest example. The Managing Director of the County of London Electric Supply Company has been commandeered to—regulate the feeding of cattle! Wily Welshman!

"Meatless Days."

The next time you are told at a restaurant or hotel that it is a "meatless day," just remind the man that there "ain't no such a thing"—these days having been abolished when the coupon system was instituted.

Bread Tickets Coming.

And get ready for another Card—for bread.

An Enlightened Cleric.

Thus the Rev. L. B. Ashby, Vicar of St. Mary's, Hitchin, apropos of ourselves: "I am a great believer in the man, and an enthusiastic reader of JOHN BULL." We, in turn, rather believe in the Rev. Mr. Ashby.

THE EMPIRE'S TRIAL.

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
(Editor of "JOHN BULL")
will address a
GREAT DEMONSTRATION
at the
ROYAL ALBERT HALL,
LONDON,
on
Saturday, April 27th,
At 3.30.

Chairman:
Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.

ALL SEATS FREE. NO TICKETS.
Doors open 2.30.

Music and War.

We beg to ask whether it is true that the foreman of piano works at Burnham has enjoyed exemption from military service; and, if so, on what grounds. Perhaps the Hon. Member for Mile End can enlighten us.

A Tempting Offer.

"In the event of a further set back to our armies in France, would you be willing to take the command of, say, two million men from 50 to 65 for Home Defence?" asks a Yorkshire reader. We must get out that old uniform of ours—as Lieutenant of the City of London!

"£2,500 for 15s. 6d.!"

This is the form of advertisement of War Savings Certificates which the Government could issue by adopting the scheme to which we refer on another page.

Our New Tanks.

Have you heard, or seen, anything of those fast Tanks which have recently been sent out to France? No harm in mentioning them—the enemy will know all about it by now! They have been christened "Whippets." May they successfully chase the Hun hares!

Their Own Medicine.

So Germany is prepared to consider representations about the cessation of air raids outside the war zone. Soon she will also be willing to discuss the question of dismounting all long-range guns!

A *Non-Sequiter.*

Meanwhile, this from the papers: "More efficacious means have now been adopted to silence the long-range guns on Paris. . . . After forty-eight hours' silence, the bombardment of Paris was resumed yesterday." Doesn't quite blend, does it?

The Lull.

At the time of writing, there is a lull on the Western front. Possibly, however, before this issue is published, enemy activity will have been resumed. But—

Every time you get a shock
Set your teeth—*and trust in Foch.*

That is how a reader puts it.

An Explosive Item.

Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co. have a practical monopoly of the high explosive industry. Wherefore we think it right to mention—without insinuating anything against the loyalty of the gentleman—that the Managing Director of the firm, Gustave Jarmay, was naturalised three months after the beginning of the war—and was in the last Honours List as a K.B.E.!

Ship Ahoy!

And, by the way, would it interest you to know that just before the war began, about thirty Germans, serving in British ships, became naturalised—and, apparently, are still serving? And you wonder that we lose boats!!

A Foul Slander.

We beg to direct the attention of the Public Prosecutor to a speech delivered by Mr. Peter Chambers, of Glasgow. It was made to the Council meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association: "The fighting men," he said, "had been frequently 'let down' by officers whose brains were befuddled with wine." Now, Sir Charles!

A Swedish JOHN BULL.

A group of Britishers in Sweden tell us that "the programme of publicity is very weak," and that "the Germans have got all the papers under their control." And they offer to put up a fund to "run a JOHN BULL for Stockholm"—if we will go over and start it. We must look up our diary!

Our City Career.

If you would care to know the truth about our city career, send our Publishers a penny stamp and they will post you a little pamphlet which will open your eyes. Truth *will* out!

The Lawyer's Lament.

In the opinion of the *Law Journal*, it is a public scandal that another Term has opened without the appointment of a Master of the Rolls in place of Lord Cozens Hardy. So far as we can see, the only Master of the Rolls who might be worth the salary of £6,000 a year would be somebody who made a vast improvement in the national bakery.

How We Do It.

A dirty skunk—a man of military age—a member of the A.S.E. and an English Bolshevick—was brought up under D.O.R.A. and fined £25 for restricting the output at a very important aeroplane works. He is now receiving a bigger salary under H.M. Army Inspection Depot, Lewis Gun Section, at Birmingham. Good Lord! When, in the name of everything that's worth mentioning, will we learn sense?

Zepp. Come, Zepp. Go.

No explanation is forthcoming why the Zepps. should still be able to bombard this country without a challenge and scoot off without a scratch. No explanation, that is, except the official announcement of the last Midland raid—that it was a dark and misty night and the raiders "sailed at a great height"; we therefore suppose that on the dark and misty nights the Zepps. will come to give us frights.

Aerial.

Certainly the British aerial staff won't keep off Zepps. by filling up forms. It seems that Lord Rothermere, the Air Minister, has already begun to bark his shins against this brand of official. "There is much duplication," he mourns of the staff as he finds it, "and a great many of these most excellent officers are engaged in filling up unnecessary forms and carrying out circumlocutory methods of conducting business." How doth the busy aerial bee, upon the staff improve the hour? He fills up forms all through the day, and sips his tea at ha'past four!

Sapless Physic.

Here is what we have often said, although this time we are quoting from the statement of a panel doctor in big practice at Portsmouth. "I was surcharged £30 by the local Insurance Committee for giving my patients too good medicines—in other words, doctors are not permitted to prescribe for their State patients what they would for their private ones." Small wonder that most panel potions are of the cheap and nasty order.

The Wrong End of the Stick.

Burnley, short of meat, sought help from the Live Stock Commissioner for Lancashire. He suggested higher prices in Burnley, adding:—"As far as I can gather, the working classes have the money to spend and they do not much mind what they give for their beef and mutton." He is ignorant of the feeling of the workers. They have suffered high prices uncomplainingly, but to pretend they like them is an insult. That Commissioner has been wool-gathering—"as far as he could gather"!

Rough on Ramsgate.

Ramsgate fishermen suffer because the Naval authorities use two trawler mine-sweepers for fishing purposes in any waters. The legitimate fishermen are restricted to a limited area, not including any of the best fishing grounds. The Naval catches are supposed to be for hospitals, any surplus going to the town. But it works out that all the soles and best fish go to the officers of the monitor and other Naval vessels, while the hospitals get only the rough fish—and not much of that.

The Limit.

An ex-Army sergeant of Louth, in Lincs., who has lost both legs and the complete use of of one arm, is waiting to go to Roehampton. Sometimes he is obliged to travel alone in the guard's van to Birmingham in his bath chair. On his last journey he was "politely told" that he would have to pay fare for the chair. As the sergeant refused to pay, we know not what will happen on the next occasion; but if the Company transfer him to the cattle truck as a reprisal, perhaps he will let us know.

Tribunal Tit-Bits.

At Fulham: Laundryman, 39, single, anxious to carry on his work; six months' exemption. Milk roundsman, 18, only remaining son of his mother, a widow, her other two sons having been killed; no exemption. At Stourbridge a Conchy Object would not fight, would not join the R.A.M.C., but wanted to continue his present job of making munitions of war, because, as he said, he had "got to live"! The necessity is not apparent.

Hastening Slowly.

A young man, relinquishing a profitable managership in the Argentine, came home to fight for his country. He applied to join the R.F.C., was told he could commence duty in ten days, and was passed A1. In something over a fortnight he received a communication from the Air Board that he would hear "in due course." As he has not yet heard, he is wondering what due course means, whether fit men are wanted, and if he was not foolish to leave the Argentine and volunteer.

"And We Shall Shock Them."

A very large number of readers lament that, in this crisis of the Empire's fate, the splendid and familiar appeal which so long stood at the head of our front page is no longer there:—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

It was, of course, removed as a result of the pressure upon the limited space in which the Government now permit us to live, move and have our being.

"Comptrolled."

What's the matter with the Comptroller of the Post Office Savings Bank that he's so slow at the gate? Surely he can't be waiting for his share of War Bonds to help him cash up? Let him pull back his ears and listen. A Kentish Town woman, with hungry children, sent in a withdrawal form on March 26th; she had not received the money by April 3rd. In the meantime, she had to go without Sunday's dinner; also Monday's and Tuesday's; "and," she laments bitterly, "if I had not pledged my wedding ring I should have had to go without food for four days." Name and address at the Comptroller's disposal.

Groundless Severity.

If a fashionable lady uses a motor car for a shopping expedition, or even for a bit of a "joy ride," the odds are that she will get off quite lightly, perhaps with a fatherly rebuke from the Bench. But if a business man allows his zeal to outrun his discretion in an effort to turn an honest penny, he is quite likely to get it "in the neck." This was recently the case with Alfred Kiddle, of King's Lynn, who used a car to drive a veterinary surgeon about his business. The suggestion of the Bench, apparently, was that the "vet.," a man of 59, ought to have careered around on a bicycle, and they fined Kiddle £10—a harsh sentence for which we can find no justification.

Gas and Paper.

You must not waste gas. But the British Commercial Gas Association makes no bones about wasting paper. It sends out a publication, "A Thousand and One Uses for Gas," in large numbers—and in large envelopes. The envelope before us measures 11 in. by 9 in., and is made of really excellent paper—whereas a cheap roll-wrapper would suffice. And this enormity is perpetrated every month.

Tommy Done Again.

While the London General Omnibus Company allege that, by order of the Ministry of Munitions, they can't let Tommy have a Woolwich return ticket in common with munition workers, the postal authorities demand threepence for delivering a newspaper on which his wife has chanced to stick the stamp "half on the wrapper and half on the paper." Does the Post Office charge anything if the stamp is sideways, crossways, or upside down?

The Small Shopkeeper.

We gather from a number of letters we have received that our friends of the multiple shops do not quite understand our main point about the small shopkeeper. We are not out to fight the big shops, as such. But we *are* out to fight for the little shopkeeper, as such. And we are going to fight to the death for the little shopkeeper at a moment like this, when she is usually a woman who is keeping the home-fires burning till her man comes home.

National Disservice.

A reader who says that his "whole career since apprenticeship has been that of inspecting engineer," has filled up innumerable forms after journeys to Sheffield, Newcastle and Middlesbro' at his own expense, with the object of getting a job as Inspector or Examiner in Government employment; and has got no nearer than "No vacancy," "Will receive due attention," "Will keep application before us," and such eyewash. Meanwhile butchers, bakers, valets, stewards and policemen are inspecting and testing for all they are worth.

"A Chiswick Photographer"—Sequel.

Better late than never, Hubert, the German photographer adversely criticised by us, is now interned. It will be remembered that this person, who occupied rooms over Dunn's hat shop in Chiswick High Road, was indiscreet enough to deal unfairly by a young British soldier, and to treat rudely that lad's widowed mother. To us it seemed intolerable that good British people should suffer from the insolence of a German at large, and our exposure of that Hunnish behaviour was followed immediately by an order of internment. Chiswick is to be congratulated on this result.

An Unobservant Medico.

Owing to what is mildly described as a "clerical error," a London panel doctor has for four years been credited with 1,000 patients more than he has actually had on his panel, with the result that he has been overpaid altogether £857. This trifling blunder seems to have escaped the good doctor's notice. Now that it has been officially discovered, he is to be compelled to refund the overpayments for one year only; in view of his "heavy family responsibilities," the previous three years' surplus is to be written off. What would happen, we wonder, to a panel patient, who failed to observe that his sickness benefit had been augmented by mistake?

Lazity on Guard.

It used to be a soldier's rule, when on sentry-go or guard, never to part with his loaded rifle; he should not give it up even to his officer. So we are puzzled what to think of a guard who, stopping to roll a cigarette, gets one of his German prisoners to hold his rifle the while. That, and one or two other lax habits, are no uncommon occurrences near Baldock.

Rabbits and Parsons.

Two classes of teetotalers, rabbits and the clergy, are the most prolific creatures on earth. It was therefore fitting that the first person to profiteer by charging an extortionate price for Hints on Rabbit Breeding should have hailed from a rectory. But who is "Hortus," who goes one better, and charges 1s. for a leaflet similar to that which we criticised when marketed for half that sum? He advertises from St. Denis, Hawkinge, near Folkestone. Can it possibly be our old friend?

An Admiralty Cuthbert.

In a branch of the Accountant-General's Department at the Admiralty luxuriates a fit man of military age, Class A. He is not indispensable; the work he does is done in other sections by women. It was expected that he, at this stern juncture, would not be retained, but he stays. The feeling was so strong that another member of the same staff, an unfit man, has had the pluck to resign in protest. It remains to be seen if that protest will prove effective.

A Fowl Fraud.

A man named Purnell, of Bradford, Wiltshire, describing himself as "Secretary of the Poultry Society," advertises "broody" hens for 12s. 6d. We have authority for saying that Purnell's advertisements have been declined by at least one poultry paper, and that the Inspector of Police at Bradford has "received complaints about the man from all parts of the country." Poultry-keepers, beware!

Doing a Good Bit.

Up in Yorkshire is a farm-manager, in a very low category, exempt on joining volunteers. Through death, the sole charge of a farm of 111 acres has devolved on him, with only the help of a soldier now and then. He looks after 8 horses, 6 milch cows, 13 store cattle, 80 sheep, 18 ewes in lamb, and 25 pigs. These, with ploughing and sowing thrown in, keep him at work 18 or 19 hours daily. Because he did not attend drills, he got three days' imprisonment. Yet that man was doing his bit.

Experiences of a Masseuse.

A masseuse who volunteered was sent to a hospital in France, where the matron told her she must return at the month's end, because massage was not carried on there. However, she massaged suffering soldiers until sent back, and then complied with a request to exercise her profession in a hospital in Wales. As she has to earn her own living, she asked for a salary at the end of four months, but was refused. The lady, whose nine brothers wear khaki, was offered a post as assistant cook!

A Serious Charge.

It is to be hoped Mr. Winston Churchill has not overlooked an accusation made to him by an experienced man—that a certain aeroplane firm has deliberately used rotten 3-ply timber. That is far too serious an indictment to be disregarded.

Female Labour.

A number of men on special work in the Isle of Thanet have been given notice from Woolwich that they are to go, their work being taken over by women. They contend there will be no saving and a smaller output of work, and that Woolwich has broken faith. Thanet has already been hard hit, and these displaced ratepayers are sore. Female labour should not oust ineligible or discharged men.

An Insulting Prayer.

A certain Mrs. MacKenzie erected herself on her hind legs at the Annual Meeting of the London Congregational Union at Whitefields Tabernacle, and put up a "petition" to the Almighty on behalf of "the frivolous and flighty young girls of England." Her idea, evidently, was to cast aspersion upon the young womanhood of the country in general; and in view of the magnificent work our girls are doing, we venture to inform Mrs. MacKenzie that she was talking through her silly old hat.

Money for Brains.

The first prize in our "Bullets" competition has been increased to £500 for this week only. A nice little Whitsun present!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—It is right enough that a woman who knowingly infects a man should be held criminally responsible, and the new Bill so providing will receive my support—but don't you think it ought to cut both ways? I have a case before me in which a mentally defective girl of 19 has so suffered through the caddish brutality and deception of a chance male acquaintance. Surely, while we're on the subject, this scandal, too, should be scotched? JOHN BULL.

To James Irving, Esq., Superintendent, Blyth Police Force.

DEAR SUPER,—I think it is highly unfortunate, although evidently you do not agree with me, that the policeman who has worked up most charges in three months should be patted on the back like a good boy at a Sunday school and exalted, as it were, to the right hand of glory. In the first place, such an arrangement is unfair to the policemen; and, in the second place, it is unfair to the public. It encourages police officers to look for trouble and to make it where none exists; and God knows we have enough trouble, anyway, in these unhappy times!

JOHN BULL.

To Treasurer J. C. Robertson, Dundee.

SIR,—I am much interested in your piquant disclosure that twenty-one members of the Dundee Town Council are enjoying free telephones at the public expense—a piece of information which is peculiarly interesting in view of the censure, touching the treatment of a soldier's aged father, which I was lately compelled to pass upon the Lord Provost, Magistrates and Councillors of the Royal Burgh of Dundee. If you will be good enough to invite any of these telephone spongers to ring up my London number, I shall be pleased to tell them what I think of them in terms that will tickle their ears.

JOHN BULL.

To the Superintendent of Police, Woolwich.

DEAR SIR,—A leaflet, headed "The Last Two Men," is being circulated among the workers at Woolwich. It is the last word in lying and sedition. I have no doubt that the vast majority of the Woolwich men will put it to the only use it deserves. But it may do incalculable mischief among the weak-headed and the weak-kneed. The leaflet bears no imprint, but I know the capabilities of the Force, and think you will be able to trace the liar home.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. H. Illingworth, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR P.M.G.,—Why on earth don't you take the bull by the horns and turn the whole pack of naturalised Huns out of the employment of the British Post Office? It is all very well to tell us that "alien enemies are not employed." I should think not, indeed! But when you go on to say that naturalised aliens, including Germans, are still retained, though "carefully watched," I have to tell you that it isn't good enough. Sooner or later, this weak-kneed policy is likely to land us into serious trouble. Pull yourself together, man, do! JOHN BULL.

To Sir John Bethell, M.P.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I am ashamed of you, and I hope, when you have heard me, you will be equally ashamed of yourself. A dentist at West Ham, occupying premises belonging to you, joined the Colours, and sought relief from his lease. You opposed that application, but the soldier won the day. However, not content with the decision of the County Court Judge, you used your wealth to appeal to a Divisional Court—where once more, as I am happy to see, you were thoroughly defeated. If this is your notion of proper treatment for a man who is serving his country, I am afraid you have not yet learnt the elements of patriotism. What do your constituents think of it?

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Philip Snowden.

MADAM,—Is there any valid reason why you should not be bound over to keep your mouth shut, except at meal-times, for the duration of the war? In the past I have tried to remember your sex, and to treat you with the respect belonging to a lady, but your latest utterances raise a doubt in my mind as to whether you were ever entitled to that epithet. Frankly, your repeated pro-German declarations are simply abominable. JOHN BULL.

To A. G. Gardiner, Esq., Editor, "Daily News."

MY DEAR A. G. G.,—Sometimes I am compelled to wonder whether you really know what you are writing about. This is your latest effort: "Germany is fighting to prove that force is the master-power of the earth. We are fighting to prove that it is not. If we cannot prove that we can win, the idea for which we stand, the idea of liberty and moral law, is still immortal, still indestructible." So that if the Germans smashed us—which I know they won't—we should still enjoy a *moral triumph*. Oh, Cocoa, what things are said and done in thy name! JOHN BULL.

To the Registrar-General, Somerset House.

DEAR REGISTRAR,—What do you think of this? As you know, before a British prisoner in a German internment camp can be released, he has, amongst other things, to produce his birth certificate; and before your Department will furnish a copy of such certificate, you insist upon some relative or friend in England paying 3s. 7d.—the poor prisoner naturally having no money in his possession. Such a case has just come before me—a brother of a British prisoner at Ruhleben being told, when remitting the 3s. 7d., to quote "Ref. No. S. R 20305. 194"! Now isn't this about as shameful an instance of cruel red tape as any official can offer? In the name of our common humanity, put a stop to such scandalous methods—and at once!

JOHN BULL.

NOW FOR THE MONEY!

OUR "PREMIUM BOND" LEAD—MILLIONS FOR THE STATE.

Assuming that we have now got both the Munitions and the Men, there is yet the third "M"—Money—to be secured; and we entertain little doubt that before long the Government will realise the fact that by the issue of what are known as Premium Bonds they may tap a veritable El Dorado. For some years past we have pressed this wonderful source of revenue upon the attention of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer—and recently there has been a Select Committee to inquire into the subject. Taken as a whole, its Report is distinctly favourable to the scheme—and it expresses the opinion that a hundred millions a year could be secured; and although that figure is ridiculously below the mark, even a hundred millions, as a new source of income, is not to be "sneezed at" when we come to make up our annual Budget. We say "a new source of income" advisedly, because it must be remembered that the fundamental idea of these Bonds is to attract the very small investor—the man with a few pounds to spare—who looks with indifference upon ordinary War Stock, with its few shillings in the pound by way of interest. He prefers to invest his newly found wealth in jewellery or pianos—he likes to "see the money." But give him the chance of a "flutter," and he'll roll up in his thousands.

A Simple Scheme.

Well, we have decided to give the Government a lead in this matter, by forming a series of War Savings Certificate Clubs, each with a capital of £100,000—in shares of 15s. 6d.—in the shape of a War Savings Certificate, obtainable at that price, and redeemable by the State at £1 in five years' time. As explained in our issue of February 23rd, it is proposed that the members of the Club shall pool a portion of the interest for the purpose of creating a Prize Fund, and the scheme we have in view provides that there shall be drawings for Prizes, ranging from £2,500 down to £5—still leaving a sufficient margin to give each subscriber nearly 3 per cent. on his money—with the security of the State for its repayment. In other words, the familiar advertisement "£1 for 15s. 6d." may now read "£2,500 for 15s. 6d." The first Club Combination, in 100,000 shares, is about to be formed. That will provide a fund of £77,500, to which, in due course, the Government will add £22,500 by way of compound interest—so that the total capital of the Combination will ultimately be £100,000. But out of this Interest Fund. £10,000 will be utilised for Prizes, to be drawn for at an early date—the necessary cash being raised by the Trustees with whom the War Savings Certificates will be deposited.

The Prizes.

It is proposed that the First Prize shall be £2,500; second, £1,500; third, £1,000; and that, in addition, there shall be ten prizes of £100 each, twenty of £50, forty of £25, one hundred of £10, and two hundred of £5—thus absorbing the £10,000. And as soon as one Combination has been closed another will be started, so that a constant stream of money should flow into the Exchequer—and of Prizes into the pockets of the subscribers, who, all the time, will have the security of the State for their investment. The details of the scheme are not yet quite settled, but any reader interested who sends us his or her name and address shall be furnished with full particulars in due course,—when it is hoped that the practical demonstration which will be afforded of the public demand for this new kind of investment will arouse the Chancellor of the Exchequer to action.

All letters and postcards relating to the subject should be addressed to the Editor.

POST OFFICE MUDDLERS.

TIME AND MONEY WASTED BY INCOMPETENCE.

Why should a Government department be so terribly inefficient as is the Post Office? Here are a couple of cases: A Barrow workman some months ago had a cash box stolen, containing, besides several bank-notes, a War-Bond book and War-Savings Certificates, representing money put away week by week at the local post office. He at once took the necessary steps to stop payment, and then wrote asking what he was to do to get duplicate certificates, and mentioning the dates of the first and last transactions, and the names of the post offices where the certificates were taken out. Nevertheless, the outcome of months of correspondence backwards and forwards is a letter from the Assistant Controller of the Savings Bank Department to the effect that no trace of War Certificates in the applicant's name can be found; and advising him to *wait five years and then apply again!*

That's one case. Here is another: A Kentish Town firm received a telegraphic money order for £10 with a request to furnish goods to that amount, urgently required by a seafaring man. The order reached them twelve hours after its despatch from a Lancashire port. The goods were at once sent off, and nothing more happened for nine days. Then the Postal Authorities discovered that the order should have been for 19s. instead of for £10, and wrote demanding the return of £9 1s. The Post Office, which apparently can never find any trace of anything which happens in the Post Office, subsequently wrote asking for the name and address of the remitter. These particulars were furnished. Some months have elapsed since then, the receiver of the goods is presumably on the high seas. The question is: If the Post Office makes mistakes like this, oughtn't it to bear the resulting loss? Otherwise business firms cannot afford to act on telegraphic money orders.

THE TRAGEDY OF TWO BOB.

BETRAYING THE POOR FOR TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

Two old people named Maers live in London in a small room let at a rent of 2s. 6d. Mrs. Maers has had her old age pension of 5s. a week. Mr. Maers has earned one or two shilling a week. It was a very hard struggle, but the old man would shortly be 65 and then he would get a Field Service Pension (he is an ex-soldier) of 4d. a day. Not much, in these hard times, but a lot to the old folk. Well, for some reason (probably because an official was lazy, or incompetent), he did not get the pension until he was 66. And then—and then the Maers lived happy ever after? Oh Lord, no! Then the officials took action. As soon as ever Mr. Maers received his 4d. a day, a grateful country's reward of his services as a fighter, *the Pensions Authorities reduced Mrs. Maer's old age pension to 3s. a week!* It is difficult to believe that this thing happened, but it did. We have before us the cold official formula signifying that the sub-committee have decided that Mrs. Maers has "from and including February, 1918, been entitled to a pension of only 3s. a week." This is signed by "George E. Russell, Clerk of Sub-committee, 8, St. Martin's Place, W.C." It is shocking to note that the cruel intimation of reduction is actually minceographed, intimating that it is frequently used. It evidently seemed absurd to some cold official mind that the two old people should get more than 5s. a week out of the Government; and so 2s. of the old soldier's 2s. 4d. is docked off his wife's allowance. To make the shameful business perfect they took away the old lady's book, so that she was unable to draw any more for a fortnight, and claimed the refunding of 10s., *being amount of pension overpaid!* We will waste no more of our indignation on the soulless officials who have done this thing, on the cheeseparing spendthrifts who waste their pounds at the expense of the country, and save their shillings at the expense of the poor.

CORKS AND COCKERELS.

PRACTICAL JOKER'S IMPUDENT HOAX.

A practical joker at Ilford, Mr. L. Coles, of 147, Mortlake Road, retails his little taradiddles at 1s. 1d. a time, leading off with the following advertisement, where it is likely to catch the eye of the amateur poultry-keeper:—

> It will pay you to test your eggs before setting; my method easily distinguishes sex and fertility; hundreds have found genuine, profitable, indispensable; send 1s. 1d.

It is, of course, just possible that Mr. Coles believes in his own statements—in which case we recommend him to retire at once to a Home of Rest. Here is what he sends in exchange for the 1s. 1d.:—

> Nothing is required only a straight and clean needle, an ordinary cork, about 18 inches of cotton, and a steady hand. Thread the needle and stick it into the top centre of the cork, so as it will correctly balance when held by the cotton. Then take each egg separately, and upon a level table place your elbow firmly. Twist the cotton once or twice around the fore-finger, allowing the cotton and cork to suspend without swinging. Place the egg under the cork so that there is about ½ inch between them. Don't allow the cork to swing, but keep your elbow firm and hand steady for a moment or two. If you then watch closely you will notice the cork move.

Now for the crucial test:—

> To distinguish a pullet the cork will revolve.
>
> To distinguish a cockerel, the cork will swing across.
>
> To distinguish an unfertile, the cork will remain dead still.

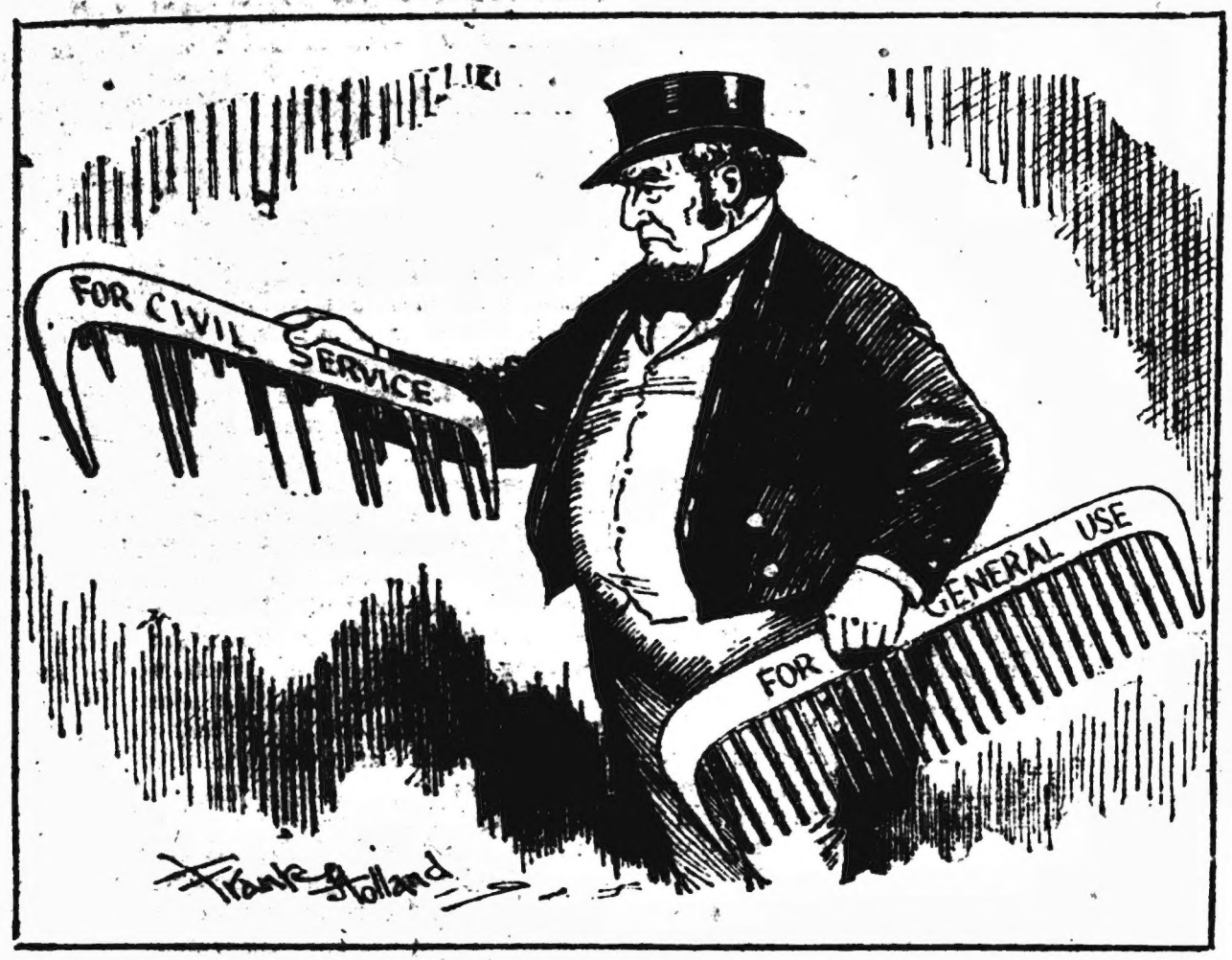
Such directions might be multiplied. To distinguish a silly gudgeon, look in the looking-glass; and to distinguish a cheeky swindler, look at Mr. Coles!

A NEEDLESS FATALITY.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A BOY N.C.O.

The story begins with the following verdict of a Coroner's jury in Kent: "The deceased met his death by misadventure by a bullet wound, occasioned by the discharging of a rifle during a struggle to take possession of it." The words seem to suggest a scuffle with a German spy, or at the very least a Sinn Fein raid in the wilds of Ireland. Nothing of the kind. The victim was Lance-Corp. Cole, of the Suffolk Regiment, a seventeen-year-old N.C.O., deputed to take charge of a guard of six privates in the important military neighbourhood of a certain port. Faced with the tragic circumstances of this lad's death, the Coroner's jury added to their verdict an impressive rider—"That precautions should be taken in future that the guard be composed of fully-trained men, with an efficient N.C.O. in charge to prevent any further mishap." On a general survey of the facts, this recommendation appears to have been more than justified. From the evidence given, it is clear that there was negligence at several points. It seems that two of the Privates, Heath and Farley by name—one of whom admitted that he had never in his life fired a rifle—were placed on guard at an important salient, and that during the evening Lance-Corpl. Cole, whether as a mere piece of boyish "skylarking," or, as has been suggested, to test their alertness, came rushing towards them without his hat or tunic, and made a grab at one of the rifles. A scuffle ensued, in the course of which the rifle was discharged, injuring Heath's left hand and mortally wounding Cole. For three hours the dying man was left lying on the ground without medical attention—there being, apparently, no officer in attendance at the neighbouring fort; and Heath had two miles to walk with his injured hand before assistance could be obtained. On the whole, we are bound to concur in the suggestion of the jury that the guards were very inexperienced and without a proper knowledge of their duties, and this at an important salient; while, on other grounds, the local military authorities seem to have laid themselves open to grave censure.

A CONTRAST IN "COMBS."



JOHN BULL: "What that comb wants is a new set of teeth!"

"SHOT AT DAWN."

THE WAR OFFICE AND "JOHN BULL"—A REFORM.

IN spite of the sickening revelations in JOHN BULL of the trial and execution of a young officer who was denied effective legal aid, the War Office continues in the main adamant. It was never expected when that story was told that justice would be done to the honour and the memory of the youth who was shot in the grey of early morning, and his sorrowing parents comforted in their grief. But it was hoped—and indeed that hope is not yet wholly abandoned—that the terrible circumstances revealed would bring the authorities to a true sense of responsibility. But for the time, at any rate, the callousness of red tape is allowed to prevail over the claims of humanity, and two of the three changes in the methods of Courts Martial which this journal has urged upon the Secretary of State for War, are still denied.

No Guarantee of Legal Aid.

Mr. Macpherson in the House of Commons the other night, when the revelations in JOHN BULL were made the subject of a long and instructive discussion, took up that cold official attitude which so faithfully reflects the calculated callousness of Whitehall. He omitted to give any undertaking that in future a soldier, be he officer or private, who is arrested on a charge which may end in the sentence of death, should be guaranteed legal aid from the moment of his arrest until the day of sentence. And what is of equal, if not more, importance, he held out no hope that the soldier should be given the privilege which in civil life is accorded to the commonest and most depraved of criminals—the right of putting his case before a Court of Appeal. The one reform gained by the agitation in JOHN BULL—useful and safeguarding as it is—will not suffice, and no opportunity will be lost either in or outside Parliament of pressing the claims of accused soldiers to all the privileges enjoyed by civilians. The point conceded is, it must be confessed, a step in the right direction. In future, a man put on trial for his life is to know the sentence of the Court immediately, and is not to be kept in cruel ignorance for days, and until a few hours before he is taken out and shot. Moreover, he is to be informed at the same time of the recommendation to mercy, if any, and so he will be able to inform his friends of his perilous extremity, and to take such action as is possible to place his case before the confirming authority, viz., the Commander-in-Chief.

Alter the Whole System.

"It has always appeared to me," said the Under-Secretary for War in the course of the debate on the Army Annual Bill, "to be a strange thing that a sentence which was passed by the Court Martial upon a prisoner who was tried for a crime which is likely to be followed by the death penalty, should not be disclosed." And yet, until JOHN BULL made the country ring with indignation over the methods of Field Courts Martial, the War Office was content to let this anomaly and injustice remain. The whole system of Courts Martial—under which the President may be, and often is, an officer grossly ignorant of the law—must be altered. Would it be believed that, while these Courts are technically open to the public, every member of the Court takes an oath not to divulge the sentence to anyone—not even to the unhappy accused? Public opinion has been seriously aroused. Our vast citizen army, called into being by the war, demands the rights of citizenship and the full protection which the law gives to an accused person. The sooner the War Office realises this, the better for the *moral* and discipline of His Majesty's Forces.

THE CALL.

"Why are you putting your khaki on,
Father, father mine?"
"I go to-day where my sons have gone—
To the line."

"Why do you finger your rifle so,
Father, father mine?"
"I long to meet with the brutal foe
In the line."

"Why is your face so stern and white,
Father, father mine?"
"I dreamt of my brave young boys last night
In the line."

"Why do you smile, as you march away,
Father, father mine?"
"I march to their side, and my heart will be gay
In the line."

All of us, all of us, father and son,
Pledged to do what the dead have done,
Drop in our tracks till the fight is won,
In the line, in the line, in the line.

Down with the chisel, and down with the pen,
Rise in the pride of your life again—
Ready to stand, as a man with men,
In the line, in the line, in the line!

JOHN FLINT.

WHERE'S THAT BILL?

DRAGOONING RESPECTABLE TENANTS.

It is to be hoped that the Government Bill, now before the House of Commons, to prevent small tenants from having their houses "sold over their heads," will be passed through its remaining stages without delay. Instances of gross hardship accumulate. For example, Messrs. David Drage and Sons, of High Holborn, W.C.—having purchased certain flats in Theobalds Road, W.C., for the purpose, apparently, of additional warehouse accommodation—at once served notices on the occupiers, one of them the wife of a soldier in France, with five young children, and a son in the Navy. Utterly careless of the tenants' interests, Messrs. Drage and Sons went to the length of issuing ejectment summonses, although we cannot believe that, if the matter had been legally tested, any Court would have granted process. Unfortunately, the effect of Messrs. Drage's procedure, as they doubtless anticipated, was to frighten the occupants away. This merciless dragooning of respectable tenants is a scandal which ought not to be possible in such times.

A PRESUMPTUOUS PRIEST.

"ALAS FOR THE RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

The following extract from a recent issue of the *Howdenshire and District Church Magazine* reveals the same spirit of "mediæval persecution" which we lately exposed in the case of the bad Sheppard, Rector of St. Thomas', Edgbaston:

> The Vicar much regrets that, owing to the increase in the birthrate of illegitimate children and of surreptitious marriages, he feels compelled on moral and religious grounds to ask those responsible to come into the Church and confess their sin before the sacrament of Holy Baptism is administered or Holy Matrimony solemnised. He is glad to say that, in some cases, this arrangement has been agreed to, but in others a "camouflage" has been sought in one of the Dissenting Chapels where acknowledgment or *amende honorable* of the offence committed may or may not be required. All one desires is to safeguard the sacred ordinances of the Church and the Christian religion from a dangerous compromise which is obviously contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture and to our natural sense of religious principle.

The Vicar—the Rev. W. P. Hains—does not make it quite clear whether the desired "confession" is to be whispered in his private ear or shouted to the rafters—but in either case we take strong exception to the spirit of this announcement.

THE KING AND

Riding for a Fall?—Rehabilitating the Scrapp

By THE

WHAT is the game? Only a week ago I warned Mr. Lloyd George that the country was not prepared to give him a blank cheque—though we were ready to respond to any legitimate call and answer any reasonable demands; but since then things have happened with startling and sinister suddenness. And we have a right to ask for the meaning of it all, and, failing an answer, to supply our own reading of the situation. We have no intention of indulging in futile recrimination. We recall the lurid past, and acknowledge with all sincerity what the Prime Minister has done. He rescued the country and the Empire from a Slough of Despond. When the old Asquith Government was removed from office, in circumstances defensible only because in that case the end justified the means, Mr. Lloyd George was welcomed as Premier by general acclamation. This war has obliterated the past of many public men and the record of their mistakes—and so it was with Mr. Lloyd George. We forgot everything save that he was all for the war; that he was our outstanding statesman at the time of danger; that he personified the Knock-Out Blow. And in spite of the sins of omission and commission which have cumbered the path of victory since "the little man from Wales" took on his small but stalwart shoulders the heavy burden of war responsibility, there is no one to-day who, holding sacred the cause for which we are fighting—every heart and home we love is the prize at stake—would not and will not stand by him still if he but justifies our faith. But *will* he? In the hour of our greatest peril, at the moment of supreme testing—when our splendid sons are holding the long thin line which divides safety from surrender and reflects the unflinching resolve of a great people—the Prime Minister severely shakes our confidence and gambles with our trust. What is his game?

Riding for a Fall?

Just look at the position at home. And let me say that this cruel and bloody war which is darkening the homes of a million families in the country to-day, could not last an hour if the nation lost heart—feeling that it was being tricked and defrauded. I stood alone in urging for many weary months that the King should rule in Council—that the mean and paltry methods of the politician should be scrapped for the duration of the war, and the best brains and the stalwart common-sense of our citizenship be called to the councils of the nation. That was a policy of perfection, which so far has been ignored. But I most solemnly warn His Majesty's Ministers that the People are losing patience, and that the deliberate flouting of the popular mind and the callous insults to the national instincts are having the gravest possible effect. And there may easily come a breaking point. For the danger is that if the Government presumes too much upon the docility and the patience of the country, there may be a weakening of will, a slackening of determination, which can have only one result—and this will mean playing into the hands of the Pacifists. Looking at things with the most kindly eyes, considering recent events without the least desire to embarrass the King's Government, what do we find? That alike in this country and in Ireland the action of Ministers forces upon any sensible man who can read the signs and portents and can visualise the trend of events, the idea that Mr. Lloyd George is deliberately riding for a fall. His policy and his appointments are really an insult to our intelligence and a challenge to our patriotism. He is sorely trying the loyal men of Ulster who are bleeding and dying in the trenches of France and Flanders, and who are the mainstay of the flag in the wild adventure in the Eastern theatre of war, and accentuating the grief of those who have given their Irish sons and hate the very name of the Hun. And at the same time he is setting the whole of southern Ireland by the ears—throwing the Nationalists into the arms of the Sinn Feiners, and placing a torch to those embers of anarchy and rebellion which we all hoped were rapidly dying out for ever. Now, I have always been an advocate of putting upon Ireland the same military obligations as those shouldered by the rest of the United Kingdom; and I have regarded it as a foul blot upon our genius of government that hitherto we have had to acknowledge our impotence to bring our fellow-subjects across the Irish Channel to the battle front—always, of course, making allowance for those splendid sons of Erin who, of their own volition, have rallied to the Colours. I never, however, contemplated the possibility of the application of the principle being handled in such a clumsy, amateurish and ridiculous manner as that we are now witnessing. To offer the Home Rulers, as a bait for the military service they have always opposed, a political concession which is a standing exasperation to the men of Ulster, who have never repudiated their obligations towards Britain, and to treat such a compact as something calculated to assuage all internal Irish strife and bring the two hostile sections happily together, is a procedure more grotesque than any which ever occurred to the late W. S. Gilbert, and would have made an invaluable addition to the real comic opera "Mikado" and his chief adviser, the far less mythical Pooh-Bah. Consider the position. Ireland has been promised Home Rule. An Act passed after an ocean of discussion stands on the Statute Book, only awaiting the happy dawn of peace to be put into operation. The men of Ulster have gone to the war—thousands of them never to return to the hearts of Erin—strong in the belief that while they fight to maintain *our* position nothing shall be done to prejudice *theirs*. Now that Act is to be scrapped, and we have no knowledge as to what the Nationalist Party will accept in its place. "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity," may well be their cry—and I should not be surprised if they now demand a Navy and Army separate from the rest of the Empire! The Prime Minister knew that the scandal of an Ireland untouched by the compelling hand of war necessity cannot remain if the middle-aged men of Great Britain are to be conscripted. And so with one hand he pretends to be strong and with the other he is treacherously weak. Ireland is to be conscripted, but a new form of Home Rule is to be the price. That is the plain meaning of present manœuvres. And we know what the outcome will be. The Irishman detests the weak and respects the strong. If the Prime Minister had had the courage to do what is just and right, he would never have had to break faith with the Loyalists. I know he inherited a legacy of indecision. But the country called him to supreme power as the head of a "Do it Now" Government. Yet doubt and hesitation have landed him, and us, in a position of the greatest gravity. "Let the red blood flow" was a sickening challenge to patriotic Ireland in the brave days of peace. The man who uttered those words when Ulster claimed to remain under the British flag cannot ignore their meaning now that Ulster is fighting and dying under that very flag. I care nothing for British politics in the House; but I do care for British honour.

A Challenge to the Nation

And now let us look elsewhere. The return of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the Cabinet and the reinstatement of Sir William Babtie in the theatre of his muddling and murderous activities, are a direct challenge and a gross affront to public sentiment. Monocled Mediocrity paid the penalty for the horrors of Mesopotamia, for which, as Secretary of State for India, he was responsible; whilst it was the ghastly incompetency of Babtie which provided one of the most blood-sodden and ghastly pages in the history of war—outrivalling the worst revelations of the Crimea. And yet for political and social reasons—because there are fools to be feared and Society people to be placated—Mr. Chamberlain is not only recalled, but raised to the high responsibilities of the War Cabinet; and the man primarily responsible for the murders of Mesopotamia is promoted in rank and to the control of the Army Medical Services. Instead of so many thousands of lives being under his charge and at his mercy, he now has millions. Think of it! This man failed, and failed ignominiously. On his head are the blood and tears, the sorrow and suffering, of the wonderful heroes who died in filth and misery, who lingered in unthinkable pain, and passed to the Great Unknown in indescribable agony because this man—Major-General, now Lieutenant-General, Sir William Babtie—failed in his duty. Read the Report of the Mesopotamia Commission, and you realise that, in spite of the attempt to explain away the ghoulish horrors for which this man was directly responsible, he stands condemned for ever as the cause of all this bloody sweat and unspeakable suffering. To-day

THE PREMIER.

...pped and Incompetent—An Insult to the Nation.

...E ...ITOR.

the medical profession is up in arms against this new outrage on the whole medical service, and the public conscience is stirred almost to the point of revolt. What, in God's name, is the meaning of it all? And what, in the name of common sense and common prudence, is intended by this other appointment—of Lord Milner as Secretary of State for War?

Sinister and Secret Figure.

Ever since the days of the South African War, Lord Milner has been a sinister and almost secret figure in our public life. His temperament is wholly Prussian. He is a man without any of those human sympathies and attributes so essential to true statesmanship; he flits in and out of the Cabinet Council Room with a minimum of popular authority and a maximum of power. He has never sought or gained the confidence of the people. And, above all, he is tainted with Teutonic associations. A great sailor, a man of splendid record—Prince Louis of Battenberg—was compelled by the force of public opinion in the early days of the war to resign a high position—nothing less than that of First Sea Lord—because his blood was the blood of the German. Lord Milner may be a great man—of that we have no proof. He may have no German blood, but he is of Teutonic taint, and we want no such man in civil authority over the armed forces of the Crown. Recent biographies are silent on his antecedents, but there are earlier records, and from these we know that his forebears elected to sink British identity and merge all their fortunes in the land of the Hun; that he was born in Germany, and as a boy was educated in the academies of Kultur. That is enough for us. This war is a war against all that the German stands for, all that his education and up-bringing stand for. And it is an insult to the men who are fighting, to the families that are suffering, that such a man as Lord Milner should to-day be raised to the great and honourable and onerous office of Secretary of State for War.

The King and the Premier.

We sometimes read in what is called the "Court Circular" that the Prime Minister had audience of the King. What, I wonder, are the thoughts of His Majesty when he meets his Chief Councillor to-day? The King is the honoured head of the nation—the trusted guardian of the People. He sees the Army—*his* Army according to historic formula—bereft of its greatest General; he sees his Navy deprived of the abilities of one of its finest sailors; he sees the Air-craft force which has the designation Royal, rent by dissension—two of its most belauded officers have resigned. He sees his Government regulated by purely political considerations and the Army Medical Service placed under the direction of a man who has criminally failed in his duty. He sees Ireland in turmoil, the forces of disorder allied with so-called constitutionalists for the purpose of defeating the policy of his Ministers, which has been endorsed by the Imperial Parliament. But, thank God, while he sees all this waste of energy, wickedness of purpose—all this dissipation of strength and threatened disorder—he sees the great and glorious British Army standing with eyes undimmed and with confidence unmoved before the foe. The battle still sways, the scales of victory rise and fall, but the honour and the glory remained unstained. It is enough to make the angels weep to find all this cruel wickedness at home, all this political scheming and personal manœuvring, when the soldier, with his face to the enemy of the world, is bleeding and dying that the Empire may remain. And it is in these circumstances that I respectfully once more call upon His Majesty to assert his power and prerogative. As I have so often said, he is the Hereditary President of the British Republic, and in that capacity I ask him to tell the Prime Minister and his colleagues, on behalf of the People whose final mouthpiece he is, and whose servants they are, that they are dismally disappointing expectations. I have said elsewhere, and I repeat, that whatever the drawbacks of the policy of Waiting and Seeing, there is not much improvement in simply Seeing and Waiting; and I am being reluctantly forced to the conclusion that we are living in such an age of mediocrity, we are so bankrupt in brains and initiative, that this war may prove to be the means of bringing us to our senses. Yet, instead of taking that lesson to heart, we find to-day, in the extreme hour of our Empire's agony, indisputable evidence on every hand that the men called to the helm of State to guide us through the surging seas of war, are heading the ship once more straight for the rocks of Party Politics, and, instead of realising the grave and solemn trust which rests upon their shoulders, are thinking only of their own political skins and fortunes when the inevitable General Election comes round. It is an appalling and a tragic state of things—such as should make a patriot weep and almost despair of the future glory which History has in store for the British race. The only consolation, such as it is, is the grim and cynical reflection that if, having so far done everything in our power to prevent our soldiers and our sailors from winning the war, we have not yet lost it, it is fairly obvious that in the end we shall win!

To the Albert Hall!

Well, as I told you last week, I think the time has come when, in the best interests of the State, an opportunity should be afforded to give public expression to the thoughts and fears which are at present, beyond doubt, disturbing the mind of the people. Nothing is further from my desire than to harass or embarrass the Government—but we must not allow ourselves to be lulled by false and exaggerated notions of patriotic duty into a condition of docile complacency towards anything and everything which Ministers may do. After all, this is a people's war—and the People must decide. It may be that we have got the Government we deserve; it may even be that it is the best Government we could get. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George represents the last word in twentieth-century statesmanship—and the House of Commons is the concentrated essence of the genius of the British race; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain may be the one man wanted in the Cabinet to win the war. *But I know the British public*—and I think it extremely desirable that the safety valve which shuts down its sentiments in such a time as this should occasionally be opened. And that is the object of Saturday's meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, when the chair will be occupied by that ever-popular and fearless public man, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.; whilst the views of patriotic Labour will be voiced by its trusted spokesman, Ben Tillett, M.P. This is not the first time that I have conducted such a meeting alone in that great Hall. The last occasion upon which I did so, forty thousand people were unable to obtain admission—and no Party agents were concerned with the "organisation." It was just—as this will be—a spontaneous outburst of the People's Will. Only this time, to avoid crush and disappointment, all the seats in the Hall will be unreserved. Except for certain Private Boxes, over which we have no control, and a portion of the platform set apart for wounded soldiers, the whole of the accommodation of the wonderful building will be open to the public. So come along in your thousands. I do not think you will be disappointed. For many months I have held my peace when my conscience has prompted me to speak out; and unless within the next few days matters take an altogether different turn, I may feel justified in drawing aside the veil which at present hides many scandals a full revelation of which, I do not hesitate to say, would set the whole country ablaze. I shall certainly have something to say about the panic-striken proposal of the Cabinet in regard to what is euphemistically called man-power proposals, which may very easily undermine the whole economic fabric of the nation, and hand over much of our trade and commerce to the grasping hands of the enemy alien and the flabby neutral. On this point I shall be able to give some startling information as to the true extent of this alien peril in our midst. On many other topics I may feel it my duty to let myself go. The times are too critical, the things at stake are too immense, for mere whisperings and suspicions. I have never feared to speak out when outspokenness was demanded in the national interest. And if the necessity continues I shall feel it my duty to state the truth, so far as I know it, without any gloss or reserve. I know what the nation is feeling, and it is time those feelings and thoughts were given full expression. In other words, I will endeavour to fill the rôle of the gramophone of the British public, echoing its sentiments and forcing its stern determination. Come, then—to the Albert Hall!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED.

Come in, mister, come in. Don't 'ang about the dore, if you don't mind. There's a perishin' draught w'en it's open. . . . Eh? You *wanted to make shore nobody else wasn't 'ere?* Well, there ain't nobody else 'ere but me. Ha! we are alone! as the 'eavy villain ses to the shrinkin' 'eroine. But it wouldn't 'ave mattered if there *'ad* bin somebody else 'erg, would it? You ain't ashamed to be seen in a barber's shop, are you? . . . . Oh, you've *come on a delicate errand*, 'ave you? Well, if it's anythink about subscribing to anythink, you've come to the wrong shop. . . . I'm glad to 'ear it, 'cos I should 'ave 'ad to refuse you. Wot is it, then? . . . Wot? You *want your 'air dyed dark brown?* Git along! Don't you think a man o' yore age oughter be above such frivolity an' vanity? Wot's more honourable then grey 'airs? . . . You *'are serious reasons*, 'ave you? Well, I ain't inquisitive, not as a general rule, but wot are they? Are you thinkin' o' courtin' a young gal and marryin' again? . . Wot, you've *bin called up? You* 'ave? Well, we *must* be in a tight place if the Army wants men o' yore time o' life! Still, I admires yer pluck, and I'll camouflage you with pleasure, under the circs. Sot 'ere, will yer? Crimes! wot *you* want is a wig: wot few 'airs you've got are so far apart thet I shell 'ave to dye each one separate, so fur as I kin see. Business man, I s'pose? . . . I thort so. Got to sacrifice the work of a life-time, I shouldn't wonder. . . . It ain't a pity, it's a dam shame. 'Ow does the Guv'ment expeck to raise the revenue if they call up men like you? I don't see no sense in it. W'y, you'll be in 'orspital before you've done a week's trainin', an' become an expense to the country instead of a profit to it. It ain't as though there wasn't no young men to call up an' keep the ball a-rollin' till the Yankee Army comes in in force. Thousands of young swankers pass 'ere every day in civvies sportin' their badges. Indispensables, they call theirselves. Indispensable me grandmother! . . . W'y, 'ere *is* one o' 'em, from the looks of 'im. 'Ear me tell 'im orf. . . . .Good evenin', sir. . . . *'Ow long shell I be?* Oh, about ten minutes. Wot might chew be wantin'? . . . *Manicure and a brush up?* Oh, no; *you* don't want no manicure an' brush up. You wants a dustin' down, me scented darlin'! See this elderly gent wot I'm attendin' to? Well, 'e's bin called up and is 'avin' 'is 'air dyed so as to make 'isself look young enough not to disgrace the British Army. Ain't you ashamed to look a man like 'im in the face? . . . Oh, you're indispensable, are you? Well, s'pose you was dead? Yore depawtment would 'ave to do without you then, wouldn't it? So it would if you was in khaki, wouldn't it? W'y, you ain't more then twenty-five, if you're thet; and I'll swear any intelligent gal could do yore work. But becos you stay at 'ome, earnin' good money, this elderly man 'ere 'as got to chuck up 'is bizniss an' begin formin' fours at *'is* time o' life! I don't say it's altogether yore fault, but I'm dam'd if I'll manicure you or brush you up, so you kin take yore 'ook. . . . Pore kid! 'E'll 'ave a rough time w'en the boys come 'ome, sir. . . . Well, sir, you cert'n'y *look* ten years younger now. I wish I could make you *feel* ten years younger. Any'ow, you've got my symperthy, and I wish yer luck. . . . Yes, you'd better take a bottle with you. Four bob, sir. . . . Thank you, much erbliged, I'm shore. Good evenin', sir. . . . Pore ole blighter! *'E'll* feel it, I'll swear. And them youngsters still runnin' about in civvies! Rotten, I calls it. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie")

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—
"As a sequel to a police raid last night on a gambling club . . . 20 PERSONS WERE TO-DAY BOUND OVER NOT TO FREQUENT SUCH PLACES AS MARLBOROUGH POLICE COURT."

"DUNFERMLINE PRESS" (advertisement):—
"2 FAST-BODIED CATS for Sale."

"AMMAN VALLEY CHRONICLE AND EAST CARMARTHEN NEWS":—
"At a meeting of the Western miners . . . it was agreed to send a resolution to the Federation Executive urging REQUESTS FOR A GENERAL INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING."

"TODMORDEN ADVERTISER":—
"There was a poor show . . . there being only 16 FAT BEASTS FOR GRADING AND MR. F. ——."

"EMPIRE NEWS":—
"These are the men who have no claim to be CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS to anything except the SAVING OF THEIR OWN SKINS."

"HAMILTON ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"A Few BARGAINS in Second-hand Cycles WORTH NOTHING."

"MID-CUMBERLAND AND NORTH WESTMORLAND HERALD."
"P.C. —— . . . succeeded in SAVING a large quantity of implements, most of which were MORE OR LESS DESTROYED."

"WINNIPEG EVENING TRIBUNE" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, HELL BOYS. Apply ——."

"SOUTHEND STANDARD AND ESSEX WEEKLY ADVERTISER (advertisement):—
"Large Flemish RABBIT (MARE)."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"INDIA-RUBBER MALE LABOURERS Wanted."

HOW EVERYONE CAN RESTORE GREY HAIR

A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Gratis Test Treatment for All Who Desire to Restore Youthful Hair Colour.

1,000,000 TRIAL "ASTOL" OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

THERE is a wide gulf separating the grey-haired women (and men, too) from those around them.

"Grey-haired" is a stigma unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear this sign of old age without the least need to.

For Grey Hair has been conquered by the discovery of a wonderful new preparation which is not a dye or stain, but when applied to the hair restores its original colour *within* the hair.

Women, particularly, who are grey or turning grey, and who feel that whilst so many men are keeping fit and well trained in the great British Army, they are getting older, this great discovery will affect.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair-poisoning dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness.

"Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natura colour by a simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" method which never fails.

Why be grey-haired when "Astol" offers you a liberal gift of youth?

"Astol," as the evidence of men and women who have used it conclusively proves, will immediately restore lost hair colour.

This statement you are invited to test free of cost or obligation. If you are grey-haired, turning grey at the temples or at the back of the head, simply send your name and address on the form below, and by return of post you will receive the following three-fold gift.

THE "ASTOL" FREE TRIAL OUTFIT.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation, which immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless, does not stain bed linen, hats, etc., and is not a dye or stain.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of "Good News for the Grey-Haired," a book which clearly explains how to use your free test supply of "Astol."

No fairer method of proving the value of "Astol" for overcoming grey hair can be given. Test it free.

Readers will learn with interest that the discovery of "Astol" is due to the inventor-discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Grey-haired women, and men, too, are often surprised to find themselves left out of the pleasures of life. They are considered too old. Why not let "Astol" give you back that youthful appearance. "Astol" is not a dye or stain. It is quite colourless itself and yet gives back the full rich hair pigment. Cut out and post the Free Gift Coupon below.

COMMENCE "ASTOL" TREATMENT TO-DAY

Send for your complete "Astol" Outfit. Once you have seen how quickly "Astol" restores your hair colour you can obtain further supplies from any chemist at 3s. and 5s. a bottle. "Cremex," 1s. 1½d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d.), or direct post free, on remittance, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

FREE "ASTOL" OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions, as announced. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

Mark envelope "Sample Department."

"John Bull," 27/4/18.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers).

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

The Soldier's Loss:—Lord Derby, "The Soldier's Friend," has been sent abroad on an important mission, and his transfer will be a big loss to all ranks of the Army. Notwithstanding his numerous heavy duties, he found time to take an interest in everything affecting the soldier's welfare, and we can personally vouch for it that the removal of numerous grievances during the past year was due to his keen interest and untiring labour. He was a Kitchener among Secretaries of State, and we can only hope that his successor will take a leaf out of Lord Derby's book and ignore the stereotyped official methods.

Ruhleben in Colchester:—Soldiers discharged from the detention barracks at Colchester tell us that the place is worse than Ruhleben. Brutality appears to be the order of the day, and we even hear of N.C.O.s spitting on the prisoners. Out those Huns!

Let There Be Light:—We are sorry to receive a number of complaints that owing to the carelessness, ignorance, or laziness of some of our Medical Officers, the lives of men on Home Service are needlessly sacrificed. A public inquest should be held on every soldier who dies in camp. If this were done—we risk D.O.R.A. by suggesting it—the nation would receive some very severe shocks.

Cases for the Comb:—We agree that this is a time when every fit man should be sent to the front, and are emphatically of the opinion that the many thousands of fit N.C.O.s and men who are by favouritism placed in low categories because their officers think them useful, should be at once combed out and sent to France.

Who Will Organise?:—Firms and private owners have patriotically offered their lorries for use with our units should we be called upon to resist invasion. It amazes us, despite our knowledge of the way things are mismanaged, that these lorries should not have been grouped by districts. Should the volunteers be called out, and want regimental and brigade transport, God help us! Every driver of a lorry will apparently be allowed to be with a pal in another district. What a mess up!

Punishing the Innocent:—We would appeal to the Eastern Command to remove the out-of-bounds ban on the village of Alfreston. The boisterous spirits who caused the Order to be issued long ago are now in France, and the neighbouring camps are occupied by quiet troops.

"Liveliness" on the Home Front:—The N.C.O.s and men of the 387th Labour Company, at Woolwich, work like niggers every day from morning till night. Each week six of the men have to parade for guard duty for seven nights and days continuously, and during this period of course they dare not remove their uniforms. The result is an extremely "lively" condition of affairs. How lovely!

It Seems Hardly Fair:—Non-Commissioned and Commissioned Officer Pilots have to perform the same duties, and run the same risks—which Heaven knows are hazardous enough. The Commissioned Officer is paid at the rate of 8s. a day for flight work, and the N.C.O. receives a beggarly 4s.

"JACK."

For Sir Eric Geddes:—When will all the wives of our bluejackets receive their concessions money? Some get it, and some do not. In what a terrible state of chaos the whole service seems to be! And yet we are paying millions of pounds for clerks and their *very* superiors.

Will It Ever End?:—Last October we had an official announcement that Commanders, Lieut.-Commanders and Lieutenants R.N.R. were to receive 10s. a week per child, up to four in number. We would ask Sir Eric Geddes if the Order effects only Dock Officers, and Engineers holding similar concessions.

Short Rations:—We learn that the rations granted to the crew of H.M.S. *Saumarez* have been cut down almost to vanishing point, and the men complain that no other destroyer in the Fleet is placed on such short commons.

Jogging Their Memory:—We would remind Messrs. James Currie and Co. that the back money due to the Officers and Engineers of the s.s. *Duina* has not yet been paid. Perhaps this is an oversight, as all other companies have paid the wages fixed by the Maritime Board.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

A Pillory Case:—We are informed that leading men at the Hereford Munitions Factory turn up their noses at our Silver Badgers. And yet they are merely receiving their "bit," instead of doing it.

Comb Out Enfield:—It has come to our knowledge, too, that several Badgers have been thrown out of Enfield factory—whereas hordes of men who ought to be in khaki are being kept there. No wonder that local men refuse to join up until this mammoth funk-hole is combed out.

Will Mr. Hodge Resign?:—We have a complaint from a Silver Badger who elected to be taught clock-repairing and jewellery work. He had the maximum pension when handed over to his tutor, the jeweller. The terms of his tuition are:—Nothing for the first month; 5s. a week for the next two months; and for the next three months 10s. a week; finishing up with 15s. a week for the last six months. What princely pay! But the point is that his pension is cut down accordingly. It is simply damnable! and if Mr. Hodge cannot do better than this, he ought to retire gracefully. The nation will not stand it!

Nothing Doing at Nobel's:—The Nobel's Explosive Company are doing exceedingly well out of the country. We want them to show our Silver Badgers and returned Tommies that the old wheeze "We will give you back your job, and look after you" is not a mere promise. If we do not receive a better report about this rich company, we shall have something to say that will, we hope, induce them to set a better example.

Discharged Man's Charter:—In the course of the discussions on the Man Power Bill, Messrs. Hogge and Pringle again fought the cause of the discharged man. The following classes are now exempt from calling up notices:—

(1) Disabled men who during the present and previous wars have been discharged after service over seas.
(2) Disabled men who have served at home and were discharged. This class must, however, engage in work of national importance.
(3) Time-expired men who have been wounded.
(4) Men rejected under the Review of Exceptions Act as totally and permanently unfit for any form of military service.

These concessions represent a very valuable victory for the Federation.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Poser:—A woman wrote us asking what she could do in these circumstances—Her husband since his discharge had been pluckily carrying on at his work, until the doctor sent him home. The pension he is in receipt of is 11s. per week, out of which the family of six has to exist until the bread-winner starts work again. We solved the problem for the immediate present.

Tommy Wants a Tyre:—A poor fellow, with both legs amputated, is accommodated with an invalid chair until he is fitted up at Roehampton. The tyres were worn out, and he could not afford to replace them from his pension. We get all kinds of commissions, and such a one as this appealed especially to our sympathies.

Milk for the Invalid:—A patient mother has to give constant attention to her boy of thirteen years of age, who is totally unable to help himself. Naturally the woman cannot work to add to her allowance, and the nourishment that her boy requires makes a big hole in her money—whilst every few weeks the rent accumulates, for which she asked our help.

The "Ramp" Army:—We warn off hordes of frauds. The number of forged doctors' letters sent to us in support of applications is growing, and we must take action in the Police Court. We regret also to note the increase in the number of "clergymen's recommendations" which are but little removed from the fraudulent "medical certificates."

Jack's Widow:—On behalf of the two children that he left, insufficiently provided for, the poor mother appealed to the Relieving Officer, who passed her on to us. Not a bad idea! We stopped her running about to further pompous officials.

The Landlord's Demands Again:—A widow has had a second misfortune, and lost her son through an aeroplane accident. Many expenses have attached to her troubles, the chief being arrears of rent, which was causing her worried nights.

A Few More:—
Widow under doctor, and unable to pay his fee. Two children in need of nourishment, being delicate.
Discharged unfit at present to earn. Wanted help for the waiting period.
Wife unable to work as formerly, owing to her ex-soldier husband laying up with heart disease.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. Billing, £52; G. M. (Mountain Ash), 2s.; "Some Convalescent Boys of the R.F.A." (Catterick), 5s.; G. McI., 6d.; B. S. L. W., £1 1s.; "An Admirer" (Liverpool), 17s. S. L. (Eccleshall), £10; G. F., 10s.; L. S. (King's Norton); 2s.; East Turnerites R. C. D., Woolwich Arsenal (per A. D. S.), £5; M. C. (S. Woodford), 6d.; J. F. A. C. (Bristol), 5s.; W. M. (Penrith), 1s.; G. N. (Bognor), 1s. 6d.; W. H. (Richmansworth), £1; "Helen," 2s. 6d.; R. W. (Southsea), 5s.; "Shanno," 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5372," 1s.; Y.M.C.A. No. 1 Ripon (per G. N.), 1s.; S. F. E., £2 2s.; "Hawthorne," 10s.; (Hampstead), 1s. 6d.; A. J. C. (Crewe), 1s.; D. K (Barrow), 1s.; J. H. S. (Bristol), 2s.; "Target," 1s.; T. P. L., 1s.; J. H. S. (Bristol), 2s.; "Target" (Stirling), 1s.; W. S. B., 1s.; "Bert" (Walworth), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Showell), 2s. 6d.; E. A. C., 5s.; "A Mother of Eight," 6d., A. J. H. (Southsea), £1; H. B. (Grimsby), 2s. 6d.; "Army Remount Boy" (Rugby), 1s; "My Little Bit," 2d.; "Anonymous" (Ealing), 2s. 6d.; E. G. (Hayes), 9d.; "Soldier's Wife" (Ealing), 2s. 6d.; W. A. B. (Valencia Island), 2s. 6d.; "Teddie and Renie," 5s.; "Old Soldier," £2; H. E. S. (Holloway), 5s.; "Ellie and Andrew," £1 0s. 9d.; Anon (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. J. H., 6d.; "Canadian Friend," £1; "Meg" (Manchester), 2s.; "Returned," 6d.; M. A. B. (West Bank), 2s. 6d.; E. M. (St. Budeaux), £1; "Clara" (Birmingham), 3s.; "A Promise," 5s.; "Halifax Reader," 5s.; "A Reader" (Wimbledon Park), 5s.; A. M. G. (Birmingham), 2s.; Mrs. D. B. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; W. T. B. 10s.; "Ole Bill," 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. G. (Ardwick), 1s.; J. H. G. (Richmond), 8s.; J. J. (Plymouth), 2s. 6d.; J. A. R. (Hawick), 2s. 6d.; Gaine Dept., V.F.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1; "An Admirer of JOHN BULL," 2s. 6d.; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 3s.; "A Competitor," 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; "Musicus," 10s.; A. G. (Dunstable), 1s.; Members of Sergeants' Mess, R. M. College, Camberley (per G. L.), £3; Anonymous, 2s.; T. A. (Cardiff), 1s.; F. G. C. (Crewe), 5s.; Mrs. C. (Newbury), 5s.; F. W. H. (Loughton), £2 2s.; M. H., 1s.; "Buster," 10s.; D. S. (Putney), 2s. 6d.; J. C. (Glasgow), 5s.; M. G. (Spennymoor), 10s.; Mrs. P. (Welwyn), 4s.; "A Friend" £2 2s.; J. P. B. (Macclesfield), 2s. 6d.; T. S. (Blackburn), 1s.; W. A. T. (Dunfermline), 8s.; R. J. M. (Ringwood), £2 2s

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

D. R. G. (Edwinstowe).—It is likely Hertling will be less truculent before the end. As once said an American Ambassador, "We've millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

H. E. (Hove).—"If the big gun was sent upwards instead of sideways it would strike space and neither fall downwards nor upwards; it would always float around. When are the authorities going to do this?" They have been doing it—*i.e.* floating around—for a deuce of a long while.

"CHARLIE." (Dublin).—"If I bought articles for £20, and sold them for £30, what per cent. profit do I make?" You must be referring to a deal with Government. Be satisfied, and don't worry us.

"FAUTEUIL" (Haywards Heath).—They wouldn't let you go on parade with grey whiskers. If you tried to do so you'd get seven days' C.B. for carrying equipment not sanctioned by the Regulations.

"DESPAIR" (London).—Buck up, man! Don't let spiders crawl over your hopes.

O. R. (Sunderland).—"——and when the price went to 2d. I said to myself 'I must have it, even if it's 4d.'" Sir, your heartfelt twopence touches the spot.

H. D. (Lozells).—"Why should these Germhun prisoners be allowed so much meat for dinner that they are able to make out of it rissoles for supper?" Because we always act like fools and the Germhuns never eat like gentlemen.

"CURIOUS" (Glasgow).—We cannot think that the late Rev. W. A. Duckworth, of Frome, made his fortune of £186,868 by preaching the Gospel. And it is dead sure he could not have made it by practising its precepts.

"BANG PROFITEERING" (Salford).—All extra taxes on tobacco and other commodities to be shown by a stamp affixed by dealer? Sounds sensible.

"LANCE-CORPORAL" (Mildmay Park).—Afraid cannot open our columns to a discussion of artillery problems; otherwise, we may be blown up by the Censor.

T. L. T. (Deal).—"Many thanks for your splendid article." Not at all. Help yourself to the others.

P. C. (Paddington, W.).—You are either "dotty," or trying to make believe that you are. Instead of writing insane rubbish, go out and make a noise like a lunatic and get yourself put in a safe place.

"KHAKITE" (Seymour Place, W.) complains that medicos are raising their fees in maternity cases. Now's the time to save war babies and invest in war bonds.

"WONDERER" (Folkestone).—There's no doubt the Boches have had the best of the luck and the weather. Even the moon has been on their side; sooner or later the sun will be on ours.

F. S. (Stonehenge).—The House of Commons numbers 670 members, mostly—what was Carlyle's expression?

C. A. H. (Osborne).—The possibility of the ex-King Manoel of Portugal feeling slighted by our remarks leaves us cold. We repeat that it is not far short of an insult to our gallant allies, the Portugese Republic, to continue to refer to their deposed ruler as "King."

"AN EARLY BIRD" (Bilston).—Sorry you are not entitled to extra rations for having to carry a wooden leg. Nasty people would insinuate you have less to feed.

"RATIONED" (Islington).—Wasn't it Shakesbacon who said: "They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing"? Or was it Baconspeare?

F. S. (Bury).—"There was a K-nut in the Dorsets, Who wore padded putties and corsets, 'Tis surprising,' quoth he, In his tub reverie, 'How a chap's flabby muscle in war sets.'" Hardly ever heard one worse.

"INDIGNANT" (Edinburgh).—"Every week we read you out at meal-times, amid comment:—'JOHN BULL says so, does he? He's ay bletherin' aboot summat.' But if I don't bring it they miss it, and are aggrieved." So we had best continue to blether.

"CADET" (Hawarden Castle).—"A V.A.D. girl, for wearing a ring, had her leave stopped." Some martinets would stop her ring for wearing a leaf.

J. W. (Leadenhall Street, E.C.).—For selling 19 loaves to Hun prisoners, baker fined only £1, but discharged soldier fined £5 for selling one. A rotten shame!

Miss J. W. (St. Andrews).—"Invalids and semi-invalids should be allowed to secure brandy at a limited cost." Afraid that would lead to a lot more "semis"!

"ICONOCLAST" (Blairmavon).—"I am by the will of God the true Son who carried the Sins and Sorrows of the World." You are a blasphemous humbug, if you ask us.

Mrs. L. H. (Tothill Street, S.W.).—Reading your letter, we have gone pink all over, but we are trying to deserve your good opinion.

JOAN K. B. (Seaford).—The heroic fighting of our gallant troops is surely sufficient answer to the slanderous and prurient-minded persons who try to make out that the British Army is sodden with drink and rotten with disease.

"NO ALIEN" (London, N.).—We repeat, there is no reason to suppose that the Jews are less courageous than others.

Miss J. M. (Weston-super-Mare).—Your search for Government employment seems, as you say, to have been "a wild goose chase," although finally you appear to have "got the bird."

Mrs. C. (Hove).—"He has not called to my door since I told him if he did I would shoot him." Even insurance agents have their feelings, you see.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Crawley).—"Your book brightens my life a good bit." That kind of message makes us feel that our job is worth the doing.

A. B. (Ashton Keynes).—"Why not a 5s. tax on cycles? I send a 1d. stamp." We really can't do it for the money.

"Y.M.C.A." (Chatham).—Yes, it has been reported that beer is made of malt, but even reporters sometimes err. Our information is that most beer is now brewed at the waterworks.

"BRITON" (Sheffield).—Eat to live, not live to eat. There are a lot of calories in the sad-eyed herring.

"WORKING MAN" (Hereford) asks "if our Government does not want combing out likewise." Can't say what they want, but they would be no worse for some of them being a lot better.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (London).—"A Boer War widow at 31" is of course possible, but she cannot have been long out of her perambulator when she married.

"AN OLD READER."—When Mr. Chapman offered to bind over an ex-soldier who had no friends, an officer said he would be surety. He did not know prisoner, but "thought it was up to us to help one another." A real, grand man, that officer.

"RURAL BEN NEVIS" (Inverlochy).—The Hun picture postcard you sent us was the last straw that ruptured our dust-bin.

"THE MESSENGER" (Hull).—Afraid we don't quite follow you. Have you been sleeping in your boots?

"ANTI-JOHN BULL."—"As for Wagner's music I suppose you prefer such stuff as 'Tipperary'?" *Much.*

"SECOND WIFE" (Hull).—You remind us of the old lady of Thurston, who thought her third husband the worst 'un, for he justly was reckoned far worse than the second and the second much worse than the first 'un.

W. W. T. (Manchester).—Don't follow you when you say that though "Britons have been for generations singing and shouting" that they "never, *never, never* shall be slaves," "nowadays they appear to be 'asking' for slavery." Do our Armies on the Western Front fight as though they were asking for slavery? Go to! Thy view is narrow and distorted.

C. M. (Wimbledon).—As you are a lady of 62, we forgive you for this:—"Early to bed and early to rise, Sure to catch a bomb from the skies." Better sit up all night.

Mrs. W. (Stoke).—"Everybody is getting more except the soldier's wife and children." And they are not getting enough.

"ANOTHER SCOT."—Glad to hear you are an "ornamental gardener." We should like to see your photo.

F. E. W. (Hanwell).—Looking for your "joke" we have broken the office microscope.

THE CLYDESDALE BANK write, in regard to our recent paragraph, that to the members of their staff who volunteered for military service up to September 1st, 1915, they give:—officers, half salary; N.C.O.s and men, full salary, in addition to army pay. Those who joined up after that date are in receipt of full salary, less army pay. We agree that this is generous treatment.

W. S. (Wolverhampton).—Your letter in which you say that the drink traffic of this country "is a greater evil than the war" is very appropriately dated April 1st. Try again next year.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (Chepstow).—Your report of Austrian prisoners being allowed to mingle with our own wounded men at a Whist Drive is astonishing. Send us fuller particulars.

"A POLICEMAN'S WIFE."—"Why aren't the police called to the Colours?" Had a row with the old man?

D. MacD. (Stornaway).—"Can you tell me what is wrong with the Passport Officer when he is not answering my letters?" Perhaps he is hibernating. Try him with a telegram.

ALICE A. (Russell Gardens) has "a pair of buckskin breeches to dispose of, and——." Dear, dear! Women *do* wear funny things these days.

R. L. P. (Yarmouth) marvels at our "obvious knowledge of Scripture." We try to know something of everything, and everything of something.

"BOY IN BLUE."—You have come to the wrong shop. We are not dentists, although we occasionally pull legs and tread on corns.

J. B. (Belfast).—To do justice (and mercy), the Magistrates were bound to discharge the young washerwoman prosecuted by the Franklin Steam Laundry for larceny. Her wages are said to have been 12s. for 54 hours.

"WHITE LEGHORN" (Huddersfield).—"Which is the mother to my chicken, the hen which laid the egg or the hen which hatched the egg?" Go and sit on a chopper and try to hatchet.

"TWO FLAPPERS" (Southend).—"You are a dear. If we got you near, We'd give you a hug and a cheer, Including a glass of Government Beer." The final item is barred, please.

CPL. T. (Carrickfergus).—The Hearts of Oak spent a penny stamp asking you for a penny for postage due on underpaid postal packet. You spend a penny in writing us, and we—let's stop before we all go "*Hearts-of-Oak.*"

B. H. (Southampton).—For work in an aeroplane factory you should apply to the nearest Labour Exchange, which will be obligingly pointed out to you by the nearest policeman.

E. A. T. (Ipswich).—"I am a married man with two children." No fault of ours, old chap.

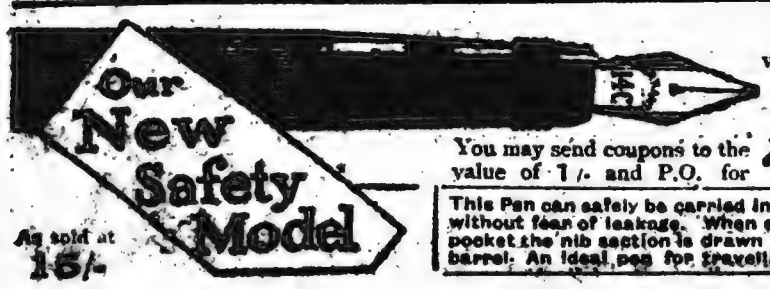
"MOTHER" (Norbury).—We have never disguised from ourselves that earth is a hard home for many. "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break."

M. S. (Dundee).—Our sympathies are with your suggestion that when peace is declared widows' sons should be demobilized first, but we should like to see fathers of young children come marching home again with them.

A. B. C. (Leeds).—In our opinion the most beautiful scenery within twenty miles of London is to be found in Surrey. Now for an avalanche of letters from indignant residents in Kent, Essex, Middlesex and Bucks!

E. B. & B. B. (Wellington), with their backs to the land, get only 22s. a week for working from 7 a.m. until 5.30 p.m., and have to pay 16s. board and lodging out of the money. *They* won't lay up treasure on earth!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/3

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/3 By Post 2d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink-barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O for 4/3, and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. [April 27th, 1918.]

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

Glazo

is the Dried Milk that has been used for the last 10 years by Medical Health Departments, Schools for Mothers, and Creches all over the United Kingdom. And because it has been a means of rearing thousands of sturdy youngsters, it is known everywhere as the food that

BUILDS BONNIE BABIES.

In tins, 1/2, 2/6, 5/3, of all Chemists.

Glazo (Dept. 36), 155, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1

Props.: J. Nathan & Co. Ltd. London & N.Z.

GAMAGE'S VALUE FOR .. LAND .. WORKERS

2,000 PAIRS ONLY MEN'S KHAKI DRILL BREECHES.

Lace at knee. Knees double-strapped to add additional strength for digging. Wear like wire, wash like a shirt. 32 and 34 in. waist measure.

PRICE **12/6** PAIR. Post 6d.

2 PAIRS **23/-** Post free. U.K.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

FREE! ECZEMA CURE

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription, a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM AND ALL SKIN DISEASES. It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send to-day for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no stamps. A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES, M.N., 15, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Cash or offer by return; before selling make sure of their value by writing for free booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any artificial teeth. Kindly mention "John Bull."

E. LEWIS, 27, Loudon St., Southport, Lancs.

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for SAMPLE BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio

POCKET LIGHTERS.

(Spirit Pattern) For Pipe, Cigar, Cigarette, etc., 3/6 3/9 & 4/6 ea.

FLINTS Round or Square 2d. each. 1/9 doz. Long Square 1/- each. 3 for 2/6.

J. B. ARMOURY, 41, Newington Butts, London, S.E. 11.

WHITELEY'S KILDARE CLUB CYCLES

Monthly from **15/9**

Ready for Immediate Delivery.

GENT.'S			LADIES'.		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
9	9	0	9	17	6
10	10	0	10	17	6
11	11	0	11	18	6

BEST VALUE OBTAINABLE.

Price List giving full particulars sent Post Free on request.

WM. WHITELEY, LTD., QUEEN'S RD., LONDON, W.2.

Bank of England Notes

Exchanged for TYPEWRITERS.

Underwood, No. 10 Remington L. C. Smith Bros., Oliver, Royal, Corona, Monarch, Yost and other good visible Typewriters. Write stating make, model and serial numbers, also lowest price.

J. G. DENYER, 17, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4 PHONE: CITY 7138.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, EAR NOISES.

QUICK AND EASY HOME CURE

Send To-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Book of Advice and learn the secret. It is free.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book, called "The Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The hundreds already cured include sufferers from:—

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND HAY FEVER.

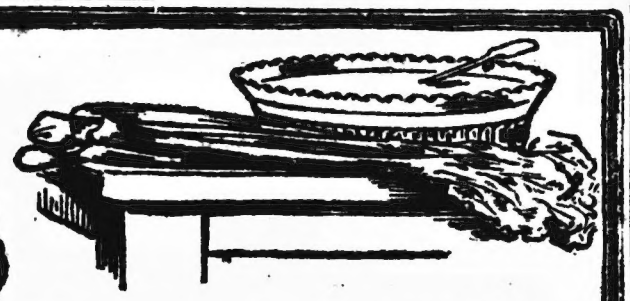
A Doctor (M.D. London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained was almost magical.

It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough, or tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

THIS GIFT BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



Help out the Rations!

BIRD'S Custard and Rhubarb! —"Great" for health!

Foremost among the foods that 'feed' growing children and make for health and vigour stands Bird's Custard and Rhubarb.

Bird's Custard is of double importance in War-time as it enormously increases the food value of milk.

With stewed Rhubarb it makes a delicious, refreshing, and body-building dish, *and* aids the system to extract the fullest nourishment from your rations.

Cost counts nowadays, and there is no cheaper dish than Rhubarb and

Bird's Nutritious Custard.

Sold in Pkts., Boxes and large Tins.

C293

You can laugh at sugar shortage!

BIRD'S Custard made with two good tablespoonfuls of sugar is sufficient sweetening for Rhubarb.

"TIZ" keeps me from Feeling Tired.

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, tender feet, for corns or chilblains. TIZ is glorious!

"Stairs? Oh, yes! But I use TIZ."

When your poor, suffering feet ache from the continual running up and down the stairs, when the leather begins to draw and there is constant friction producing hard skin, corns, and bunions—don't experiment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your boots feel at once. Run up and down all day long, feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ.

Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ, because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin, and bunions.

Miss A. Forrester, Greenaway, Ascot, writes: "This winter I suffered very much for three months with frostbite. I was quite crippled, and unable to wear anything but a very old shoe. After using TIZ regularly every night and before going out for about ten days I was entirely cured and able to walk again with perfect comfort."

Get a 1/3 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/3. And send a box to your boy at the Front—he'll appreciate it, sure enough.

TOMMY'S CLEANLINESS AND SAFETY.

How to Keep our Soldiers Free from Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, and Flies.

The British Soldier is the cleanest soldier in the world, but stay-at-homes have no idea how difficult it is to keep free from body vermin and—in the hot climates—disease-infected mosquitoes and flies.

Every soldier should have a 1/- stick of PARASITOX in his kit. This wonderful compound rubbed on to the skin, or in the seams of the clothing, destroys and repels all form of insect life. It is non-greasy and non-odorous, and, unlike powders and liquids, PARASITOX remains effective for a long time.

Dug-outs and sleeping quarters are more than likely to be swarming with vermin, but PARASITOX will keep Tommy free from these, and ensure that comfort and rest which mean so much to the maintenance of health and good spirits.

Thousands of sticks of PARASITOX are sent regularly every week to British prisoners by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

Send some PARASITOX to your soldier or sailor boy. He will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-.

PARASITOX PARA-SI-TOX THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Also at All Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Hoppell's Pharmacies, 105, Piccadilly, and Branches.

FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 53

—BURNLEY.—

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

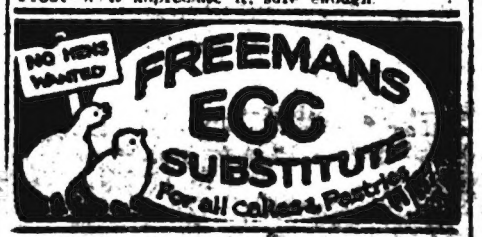
A British Invention

THE CHELLAPHONE.

A perfect Pocket Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, with Full Instructions, 1/1 each, or 12s. per doz. from the maker

R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

Foster Clarks *The Creamiest Custard* **Cream Custard**



BICYCLE CLEARANCE.

Write for my bargain lists of Premiers, Humbers, Swifts, Rovers, &c., from £7 19s. 6d. cash (Maker's price £12 12s.). George King, Ltd., Coventry.

'Bullets' 1st Prize £500 For this week only!

2nd PRIZE £50

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	50 PRIZES OF 10/-

3rd PRIZE £10

400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 2nd.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(283) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 283. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 2nd
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(283) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1 - must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. ____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 2nd
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(283) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1 6 must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **next week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 284.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 9th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **284** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets," **No. 284,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 284.

GERMAN RETURNS	MAKES A DIFFERENCE	ALTOGETHER BOYS	HOLDING HER OWN
WITHOUT A SMILE	OPEN LETTERS	READY TO FIGHT	WHEN MUSTERED
BUSY PLOTTERS	SAVING HIS BACON	WELL ADVERTISED	HARD LINES
WHAT WE HEAR	FAIR PLAY	LOOKS LIKE RAIN	WHEN FATHER'S AT HOME
TOMMY'S FAG	FIT AND FIFTY	BRAVE MAN	BARE LIVING

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 283.

GENERAL FOCH	THE TURNING POINT	GRAND STAND
IN THE TRENCHES	LOVE LETTERS	ON PAY-DAY
THE BUDGET	GERMANY WON'T	LONG AND SHORT
PAYING FOR WAR	WHAT BOTTOMLEY WANTS	GETTING READY
PRIVATE MATTERS	NEW RECRUIT	LOSING HIS HEAD
WHEN WEATHER CHANGES	EVERYBODY THINKS THAT	SHOOTING STARS
WASHING DAY	AFTER TOMMY'S HEART	WHEN FATHER'S CALLED
MAN-POWER	PRETTY MAID	JOINING UP
HOME RULE	MAKES WIFE HAPPY	MOST SURPRISING WHEN
GERMAN CLAIMS	SOOTHING SYRUP	BUTCHER'S BOY
OLD EXCUSE	WON'T COME OFF	THE KAISER'S HOPE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—MOST SURPRISING WHEN. Bullet:—BORROWED UMBRELLA IS RETURNED. Example:—GETTING READY. Bullet:—DIFFICULT FROM MISER.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 18th. This week's "Bullet" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated April 27th.

RESULT OF 280th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. S. W. R. FAWCETT, 104, Exeter Road, Exmouth.
Example:—ALL THERE.
Bullet:—"REAL BRICKS" ON ALLOTMENTS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE of £25:

Mr. WM. M. SMITH, 63, Bellwood St., Langside, Glasgow.
Example:—OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.
Bullet:—AFTER US—OLDER CHAPS

THIRD PRIZE of £10:

Mr. L. CLASSEY, 33, Park Rd., Battersea Park, London, S.W. 11.
Example:—IN MY GARDEN.
Bullet:—I INVEST "DAYLIGHT SAVINGS."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. D. MITCHELL, 5, Wellington Buildings, Bow Road, London, E.:
OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE—IRELAND DOESN'T "CONSIDER" ENGLAND.

Mr. W. SAMPSON, 11, Preston Road, Bedford:
WORKING ON ALLOTMENT—"BREAKING UP" NO HOLIDAY.

L/c J. SENIOR, 4, Coronation Cotts., Fleet:
TRYING TO BLUFF—KAISER IS—TO "LAST."

Mr. S. J. WARRICK, 35, Hovenden Road, Cricklewood, N.W.:
TERRIBLE RECKONING—WAITER'S. IN FLAPPER ACCOMPANIES.

Mr. H. M. SPENCE, Ulve Place, Catherine Street, Motherwell:
PLAYING WITH FIRE—COMBINING POLITICS WITH STRATEGY.

Mr. E. CHARLES, 66a, Granby Road, Well Hall, London, S.E.:
IN MY GARDEN—"PROBABLE" AND "DOUBTFUL STARTERS."

Mr. C. BAINES, 81, Kensington Gardens Square, London, W.:
HITTING THEM BACK—PUT STRIKERS IN KHAKI.

Mrs. A. J. PYM, 11, Hall Pce. Gdns., St. Albans:
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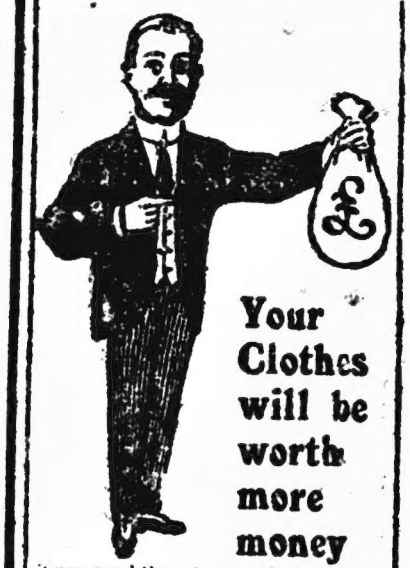

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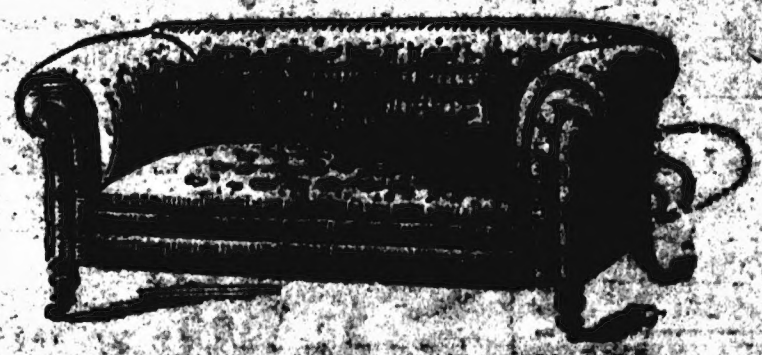

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